

Good Morning 449

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Clown Prince of the Ring, Max Baer said:

"CALL ME CHAMP"

(I WANNA GET USED TO IT)



Good cheer for S.P.O. Robert Jones

HOW would you like a trip home, and thinks the best way to Bonnyrigg, S.P.O. Robert Jones? Your wife is sure the idea will appeal to you, so she has told your relatives there that they may expect you during your next leave.

There's not a great deal of news from No. 10 Jane Street, Leith, but what there is is good.

Your wife is working very hard on her war duties, and news from the family branches is invariably cheering. The mail from Chester is quite heavy. George, who is in the Merchant Navy, is expected home soon.

Your wife's brother, Archie, the Battery Sergeant-Major, who is serving in Burma, grumbles a lot about the heat, but he's pretty fit and not having as bad a time as he expected.

Bill is in France, and promises in his letters to put a stop to all the trouble over there. Seems he would rather be

"CALL me champ—I want to get used to it," wise-cracked Max Baer, contender for Primo Carnera's world heavyweight championship, as he made the "rounds," and those who heard him make this remark were inclined to think the "Clown Prince of the Ring" was carrying his confidence too far.

But they did not know the real meaning behind Max's strategy; were not aware that Baer, when filming with Carnera, had taken part in an exhibition with the champion and wise-cracked so much during their bout that the Italian, by the end of the film, felt a very inferior person.

THUS, when June 4th, 1934, arrived, the date on which Baer was to tackle Carnera for his world heavyweight title, the Italian was as nervous as he could possibly be, while the contender acted as if the title were already in his keeping.

Before stepping out into the ring, Baer, who always fought best when "warmed up," spent some time in his dressing-room going through the motions of the fight ahead of him. Then, when the order came for him to "report for duty" in the ringed arena, he felt on top of the world.

Max was given a great reception; Carnera's was almost as great. But what direct contrasts! Baer, flashy, good-looking, confident, and beautifully built, his muscles rippling beneath the tan; Carnera, the "Ambling Alp," one of the biggest men ever to hold the championship, eighteen and a half stone of ill-at-ease Italian, overawed by the swashbuckling and excellent battler, apparently held on a leash in the far corner, facing him.

Then the bell rang out—and the strangest heavy-weight boxing championship fight of all time started.

If the spectators believed Max Baer would quietly "size-up" his giant opponent they were wrong.

He went in, fists whirling, sneer on his handsome face, and for fifteen seconds his gloved fists played a tattoo upon Carnera's body that made one think of the massed bands at the Aldershot Tattoo! His deliveries were as regular as the mail, and Carnera, his brain in a whirl, stumbled on to the ropes.

Then Baer, to the amazement of the crowd—and then, to their amusement—stopped fighting, pulled up his shorts, and laughed at the bewildered Italian.

This disdain on Baer's part angered Carnera. Forgetting what his manager had told him about falling for Max's foolery, he went in to the attack, a light in his eyes which did not suggest that Mr. Baer was in for a good time.

I doubt very much if Maxie liked the idea himself, especially when a sledgehammer left from Primo landed between his eyes.

For a moment the fight-mad crowd held their breath. Was

Carnera going to upset the book, and Baer's hopes, by using his abnormal strength? (Max supplied the answer in the next second.)

Foxing Primo into thinking he was in a bad way, he stepped back when the Italian lunged at him, brought up his own right fist on to Carnera's chin—and the man-mountain went down like a bombed house.

With a crash that shook the ring he sprawled on his back, and flashlights were let loose all around the roped square as photographers tried to secure a picture of the "man-mountain" on the canvas.

He lay there for a few seconds, then, bearing an expression that would have frightened many men, he rose to his feet and began to try to land a knock-out blow on the handsome, grinning, taunting Baer.

John Allen
continues

"And the Crowd
Roared"

But Maxie wasn't going to trade blows with Primo. He'd nip in close, smash Carnera on the jaw, and be away before the bewildered Italian knew what had hit him.

Sometimes Baer would stop fighting, grin in Carnera's face, wise-crack to some friends in the crowd, wink at his seconds, then again wallop Primo on the nose!

Once, with a grin on his own face, Baer smashed a left to Carnera's stomach, and as the Italian landed with a bump on the canvas, he step-danced round him, laughed loudly—and then had a chat with his seconds while Carnera, with his eyes half-closed, resembling a hungry bear hunting for its prey, stumbled to his feet and began searching for his opponent!

There was a great deal of planning behind Baer's work, however, and few in the vast



Fists: Max and Primo

crowd at Long Island realised that Max's foolery was not all it appeared to be. Baer knew that it took a great deal of his energy to hit Carnera hard enough to hurt him, so by his novel methods he conserved as much strength as possible.

Halfway through the fifth round, when Carnera had been plodding away, poking out lefts and rights, but rarely hitting his will-o'-the-wisp opponent hard enough to hurt him, Baer snarled at Primo, drove in a terrific right which landed on Carnera's nose—then loudly laughed at the hurt expression that came over the giant's face.

Primo's nose was broken! But his spirit refused to allow him to give in, and had he been able to put his weight behind the punches he did manage to land upon Baer the decision would never have been in doubt.

In the sixth round Baer showed all that clowning for which he is best remembered. He danced around Carnera, winked at him, suggested various ways he could improve his skill—in fact, in a manner which did nobody any harm, gave the crowd a laugh.

Once he went to Primo's corner, rubbed his feet in the resin, as if the champion did not exist, winked at his seconds—then prodded Carnera on the nose with such force that the Italian winced with pain.

Snorting like a steam engine, his blood up, Carnera began to show better form, much to everyone's surprise, and Max Baer, sensing trouble unless he acted quickly, put everything he possessed into the fight.

By the tenth round Carnera

looked fitter than many thought he would at this stage, so Baer, like a panther jumping on its prey, swished into the centre of the ring when the bell gave the order to resume the battle.

But Carnera, after weathering this storm, poked a left to Baer's jaw, followed by a right to his body, which made the American realise that the fight was not altogether in his pocket, although he had stretched the Italian eleven times on the canvas.

The eleventh round saw action with a capital "A." Baer, out for the "kill," rained punches from all directions at the "man-mountain." His body became a punching bag, his face wore a bewildered expression, and the vacant stare of his eyes suggested that all was not well with the champion.

Then a left to the stomach from Baer's iron fist doubled up Carnera, and as the Italian moved forward so did Baer's right swish upwards to the point.

The crowd were on their feet. This was the finale to Carnera's hopes of keeping his title; the start of a new era of prosperity for Max Baer.

But Primo was not going to give way without a fight. He hauled himself with an effort to his feet. Glassy-eyed, and talking loudly to himself, he was game to the end, but the referee, to prevent him suffering further punishment, stopped the fight, awarding it to Baer on a technical knock-out.

Wild with excitement, the crowd carried the new world heavy-weight champion shoulder-high to his dressing-room. Carnera, with hardly a word of sympathy, followed on his heels, assisted by his seconds.

He found awaiting him a cable from Mussolini which read: "You must win."

I've no doubt what Primo thought about the swaggering Duce, in his beautiful office thousands of miles away, telling him what to do when facing the "Clown Prince of the Ring" at his fighting and fooling best!

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Tony IV is a Commando L.TEL. CLIFFORD MOORE

TONY IV should really have been named "Commando," Leading Telegraphist Clifford Moore. For in the five brief weeks since he established his headquarters at 56 Oakdale Road, Nottingham, he's done more damage than Lord Lovat and his boys.

Still, I suppose one can expect a seven-week-old Labrador to be a bit frisky. Unfortunately, Tony IV is no respecter of persons, nor is he much concerned about coupons and coupon values.

"Good Morning" cameraman Tommy Walters and I went along to see your Mum and Dad, but before we'd walked five yards up the garden path Tony IV was busy chewing our pants—and we couldn't shake him off. Mum and Dad have just

about got used to him, although he'll have to be a good dog to fill the place in their hearts held by Tony III. They were very sorry indeed to have to destroy the old boy, but he really was getting old—and they are sure you'll like his successor.

Dad and I had a long chat, and we had a great deal in common—pretty natural, considering that we were both newspapermen and both Yorkshiremen.

Mum gave us a generous helping of Yorkshire teacake that she had just baked, so it was really like being at home to us.

News is still coming in from your brothers—Laurie, in India, Frank (also out there), George (prisoner in Japan), and Bill (on muni-

tions). They all send you their best wishes, and hope that they'll have that family reunion before long.

Your Dad gave us the latest news from the "Nottingham Journal," and he says that "Daisy" Bell is always wanting to know when you're going back to the Creed Room.

Mum still keeps your golf clubs polished, and Tony IV obviously eyes the few golf balls that are still in the house. Maybe he has ideas of doing an odd eighteen holes with you some day.

We hope you'll like this picture of Mum and Dad and Tony IV, because the youngster seems to be endearing himself to your parents—in fact, he'll probably push your nose out if you're not careful!



JOE GOES OVER

Part XV

Five Weeks in a Balloon

By JULES VERNE

SINCE its arrival at Lake Tchad, the Victoria had met with a current which drove it more west; a few clouds then tempered the heat of the day; it was cooler, too, over the vast expanse of water; but about one p.m. the balloon cut off a part of the lake and went inland for the space of seven or eight miles. The doctor was sorry at first till he perceived the town of Kouka, the celebrated capital of Bornou; he had a bird's-eye view of its white clay walls, its mosques, and Arab houses. In the courts of the houses, and on the public places, grew palm-trees and gutta-percha trees, crowned by a dome of foliage more than 100 feet high. Joe said they were just the parasols for such a sun.

Kennedy thought it bore some resemblance to Edinburgh, but the travellers hardly had time to glance at it, when, with the suddenness which characterises the currents of this country, a contrary wind seized them, and bore them back for forty miles over Lake Tchad.

There they had a new spectacle to contemplate; they could count the numerous islands of the lake, inhabited by the Biddimahs, sanguinary pirates, whose neighbourhood is as much to be dreaded as that of the Touareg of the Sahara.

The pirates prepared to receive the Victoria with arrows and stones, but it passed the islands too quickly to be hurt. At that moment Joe looked at the horizon, and speaking to Kennedy, said, "Now's your time, Mr. Dick; there's something for you to shoot coming. Don't you see that flock of big birds coming towards us?"

"I wish they were farther off us," said Fergusson; "they are gyr-falcons of the largest size, and if they attack us—"

Then minutes after the birds were within pistol shot, they made the air ring with their hoarse cries; they advanced towards the Victoria, more irritated than frightened at its presence.

"They could easily fly up above our reach," said the doctor. "Our position is more dangerous than you think. We must wait."

WANGLING WORDS—388

1. Put some people in CET and make them stick.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Silerue rymar ta shate ni treemp.*
3. In the following four trees the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 26289R, 83ME, 69K, 538865.
4. Find the two hidden precious stones in: *Indeed, I am on doubtful ground when I say he is on top always.*

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 387

1. ROseatE.
2. He who laughs last laughs longest.
3. Sparrow, Swallow, Wren.
4. Gar-net, Top-az.

Get ready to shoot, but don't fire till I tell you."

The birds were grouped together at a very short distance; they were about three feet long, with violet combs and white wings shining in the sun.

"They are following us," said the doctor. "They can fly higher than we can."

"There are fourteen of them," said the hunter, "and we have seventeen shots at our disposition. Can't we kill or disperse them? I will take care they don't all fly away alive."

"I don't doubt your skill, Dick, but if they attack the upper part of the balloon, you will not be able to see them; they will tear the silk, and remember we are 3,000 feet up."

At that moment one of the birds sailed straight down on the Victoria, with its beak opened ready to bite.

"Fire!" cried the doctor.

He had scarcely spoken before the bird fell dead, turning over in space. Kennedy had seized one of the double-barrelled guns. Joe shouldered the other. The birds were frightened for an instant, but soon returned to the charge with redoubled fury. Kennedy put a bullet in the neck of the nearest. Joe smashed the wing of the next.

"Only eleven left!" said he.

Then the birds changed their tactics, and with a common accord they rose above the Victoria. Kennedy looked at Fergusson. The doctor turned pale. There was a fearful moment of silence. Then a tearing of silk was heard, and the balloon sank from under the travellers' feet.

"We are lost!" cried Fergusson, glancing at the barometer, which was rising rapidly. Then he added, "Throw out the ballast."

In a few seconds all the quartz had disappeared.

"The water-casks, Joe!" we are being hurled into the lake!"

Joe obeyed. The doctor looked down. The lake seemed to be rising to meet him; the car was not 200 feet from the surface of Lake Tchad.

"The provisions!" cried the doctor, and the cask that held them was thrown out. The fall was less rapid, but it went on still.

"Throw out everything!" cried the doctor.

"There's nothing left," said Kennedy.

"Yes, there is," said Joe, laconically, and he disappeared over the edge of the car.

"Joe! Joe!" cried the terrified doctor.

But Joe was out of hearing. The balloon, unballasted, rose up 1,000 feet into the air, and the wind raging in the torn envelope dragged it towards the northern banks of the lake.

"Lost!" said the hunter with a gesture of despair.

"Lost, to save us!" answered Fergusson.

And these courageous men felt their eyes fill with tears. They leant over, trying to catch a glimpse of the unfortunate fellow, but he was already out of sight.

After a course of sixty miles the Victoria descended upon an unfrequented spot to the north of the lake. The anchors caught in a tree not very high, and the hunter fastened them securely.

Night came, but neither Fergusson nor Kennedy could sleep for a moment.

The first thing the travellers did the next morning, May 13th, was to survey the part of the coast they were on. Kennedy was the first to speak.

"Perhaps Joe is not lost after all," said he. He is a clever fellow, and a first-rate swimmer. I remember he crossed the Firth of Forth at Edinburgh. I feel certain we shall see him again."

USELESS EUSTACE



"Steggles! Stop whistling 'If I Had My Way' and get into line!"

"Heaven grant you may be right," said the doctor, much moved. "We will do everything we can to find him again. The first thing is to get rid of the exterior envelope of the balloon; it will rid us of 650 lbs. weight."

The doctor and Kennedy set to work; they found it very tedious, for they had to cut the silk in thin strips to get it through the net. The tear made by the birds measured several feet.

This operation took at least four hours; but at last the inner balloon was quite disengaged, and appeared to be uninjured. The Victoria was then diminished by one-fifth. Kennedy was astonished at the difference.

"Is it large enough now?" he asked the doctor.

"Yes; I have only to restore the equilibrium. If our poor Joe comes back, we shall be able to go on with him as well as before. Now, Dick, you must go and shoot something, as most of our provisions have been sacrificed."

Kennedy took his gun, and was soon hidden by the reeds. Fre-

quent shots told Fergusson that his search was not unfruitful. In the meanwhile, he looked over the objects still remaining in the car, and set to work to establish the equilibrium of the balloon; there remained 30 lbs. of pemmican, a small quantity of tea and coffee, about a gallon and a half of brandy, and a water-cask quite empty. All the dried meat had gone.

He made up Joe's weight with ballast. The rest of the day was taken up by these preparations, and they were ended when Kennedy returned. The sportsman had done well; he brought a load of geese, wild ducks, snipe, teal, and plovers. He set about preparing this game and smoking it. The travellers supped on pemmican, biscuits, and tea. Fatigue had given them an appetite, and it made them sleep.

At early dawn the doctor awoke Kennedy.

"I have been thinking of what we must do to find Joe again," said he.

"What is your plan, Samuel?" "The first thing is to let him know where we are. We must get into the car and let the balloon lift us up into the air. Look, the breeze will take us back on to the lake, and we must keep above the lake all day. Joe can't fail to see us there."

The doctor dilated the gas, and the Victoria rose 200 feet in the air. It seemed to hesitate at first, but was at last caught up by a pretty strong current, and carried over the lake at a speed of twenty miles an hour. The doctor maintained himself constantly at a height which varied between 200 and 500 feet. Kennedy frequently discharged his rifle. When they passed over the islands they went down even imprudently near, searching the bushes, the woods, or any winding rocks which might have given asylum to their companion.

The doctor signalled the town of Lari about five p.m. The inhabitants were cotton-picking before their cabins of plaited rushes, in the midst of clear and carefully-kept patches of ground. This assemblage of about fifty huts occupied a slight depression of ground in a valley between two low-lying mountains.

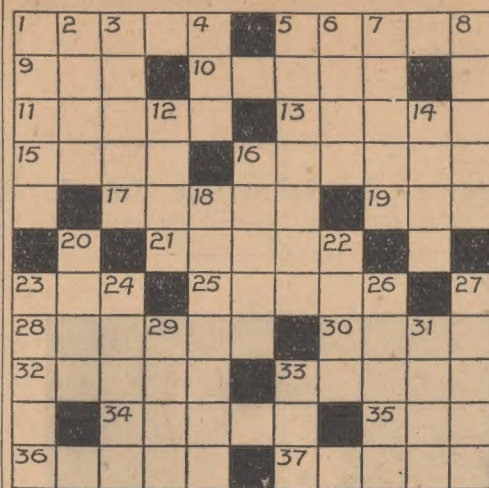
At last the doctor succeeded in reaching the point he had started from, and he descended into the sort of island amongst the reeds where he had passed the preceding night. The anchor, instead of meeting with the branches of a tree, got caught in a thicket of reeds mixed with the thick mud of the marsh, and of considerable resistance.

At three a.m. the wind was raging so violently that the Victoria could no longer remain near the ground without danger; the reeds threatened to tear its envelope.

"We must go, Dick," said the doctor; "we can't remain in this position."

But it was not easy to go. The anchor could not be dis-entangled, and the balloon pulled

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Perfume.
- 5 Match.
- 9 Plastic stuff.
- 10 Perfect.
- 11 Break forth.
- 13 Carriages.
- 15 Wooded hollow.
- 16 Edible seed.
- 17 Wick.
- 19 Lengthen.
- 21 Wanderer.
- 23 Inferior.
- 25 Harmonises.
- 28 Penetration.
- 30 Melt.
- 32 Wooden projection.
- 33 Theatre seat.
- 34 Drink.
- 35 Through.
- 36 Poor.
- 37 Devotion.

TUFT BABY V
ALLOTATE TI
STIR TOFFEE
KETCH MILES
R HONITON
SIP N Z WYE
COOPERED X
ARRAS RIFLE
N KITE ROAR
BERYL GIRT
JARS FIELDS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Vegetable.
- 2 Feel regard.
- 3 Rejoice.
- 4 Bird.
- 5 Experienced.
- 6 Get for work.
- 7 Criticise.
- 8 Passage.
- 12 Scheme.
- 14 Big fish.
- 16 Fruit.
- 18 Strength.
- 20 Small fish.
- 22 Dexterous.
- 23 Truncheon.
- 24 Dullard.
- 26 Island.
- 27 Hinder.
- 29 Frame of mind.
- 31 Long cut.
- 33 Enervate.

at it and made it firmer still. Kennedy could not get it off, and in such a wind he might not be able to climb up again before the balloon was out of reach.

The doctor would not allow him to run such danger, and making him take his place in the car, cut the anchor cord. The Victoria sprang up 300 feet into the air and took the road to the north at once. Fergusson could only obey such a wind; he crossed his arms and fell into sad reflections.

After a few moments of profound silence, he turned to Kennedy and said—

"Perhaps we ought not to have undertaken such a journey. It is almost beyond man's power!"

And a sigh of grief escaped from his chest.

"You may rely upon me to follow you, Samuel!" answered the hunter, energetically. "Joe sacrificed himself for us; we will do the same for him."

This resolution brought back some courage into the hearts of these two men. Fergusson tried to find a contrary current to take him back to the lake; but it was impossible then; they could not even descend, the hurricane blew with such violence.

The Victoria thus traversed the country of the Tibous, the stormy desert of Belad-el-Djerid, which forms the boundary of Soudan, and reached the sand desert crossed by tracks of caravans; the last line of vegetation was soon lost on the southern horizon, not far from the principal oasis of that part of Africa where there are fifty wells shaded by magnificent trees; but it was impossible to stop there.

An Arab encampment, tents made of striped stuffs, a few camels with their heads in the sands, animated this solitude; but the Victoria passed like a meteor, and traversed thus a distance of sixty miles.

"We cannot stop!" cried Fergusson, "nor go down!"

There's not a tree nor a rise in the ground. We are going over the Sahara! Decidedly, Heaven is against us!"

He was speaking thus with despairing rage when he saw to the north the sands of the desert rise in the midst of clouds of dust and eddy, under the impulsion of opposite currents. In the midst a caravan was disappearing under an avalanche of sand; the cries of the camels were heard in the midst of the stifling dust. Sometimes, a gay-coloured garment floated above the chaos, and the roaring of the tempest raged over the scene of destruction.

The doctor and Kennedy turned pale as they watched the terrible spectacle; they had lost all control over the balloon, which turned about in the midst of contrary currents, and no longer obeyed the different dilatations of the gas.

Kennedy, with his hair all blown about, watched it without speaking; all the doctor's courage came back with the danger, and no emotion appeared on his face, not even when the Victoria was suddenly stopped by an unexpected lull; the north wind got the upper hand, and sent it in an opposite direction with equal rapidity.

"Where are we going now?" cried Kennedy.

"We are going back to the place we no longer hoped to see," answered the doctor.

(To be continued.)

QUIZ for today

1. A nidus is a drink, insect, nest, knot in wood, wooden peg used as a nail?
2. How many games can you think of beginning with C?
3. Which would you rather have, a ton of half-sovereigns, or half a ton of sovereigns?
4. How many legs has a Bantu—2, 4, 6 or 8?
5. What kinds of furniture are called, (a) Chesterfield, (b) Sutherland, (c) Canterbury?
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Sagoin, Sago, Sagum, Saiga, Sain, Saic.

Answers to Quiz in No. 448

1. Bird.
2. Bullfinch, Buzzard, Bittern, Bunting, Blue-tit, etc.
3. Six dozen dozen.
4. Diplomatic document, such as a treaty.
5. Cricket.
6. Rostal.

JANE

The bomb in the lodger's bag has burst at the canteen concert.



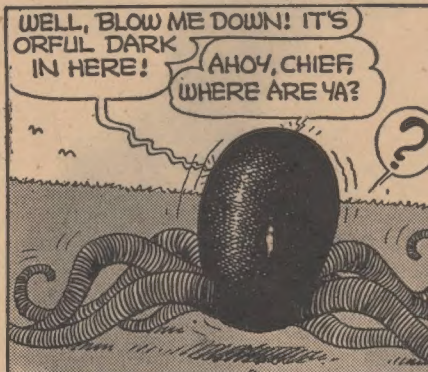
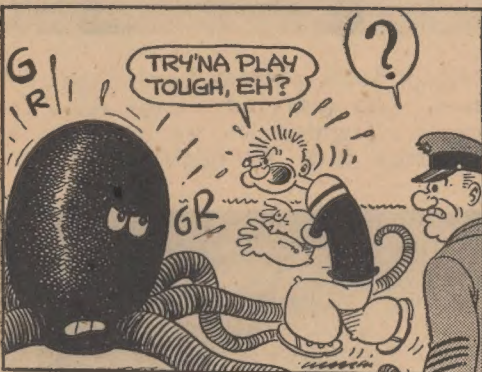
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



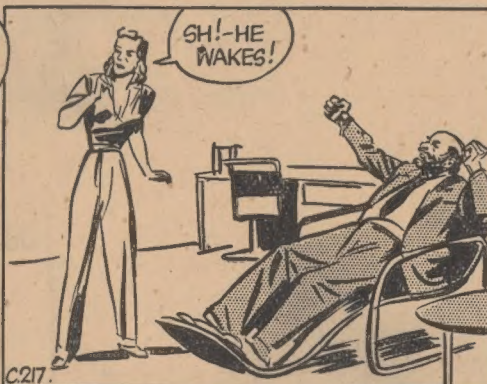
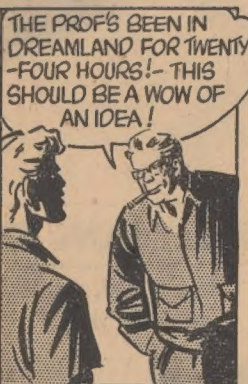
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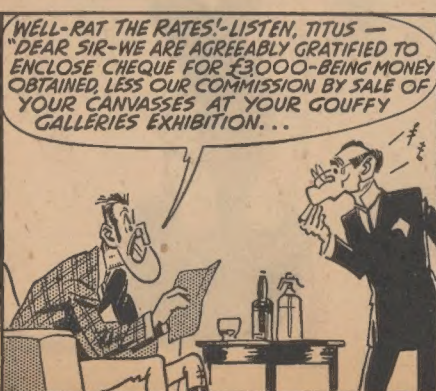
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

A PLAN for making Britain the world's tourist Mecca post-war is in the hands of the Government.

Sir Douglas Hacking, M.P., founder of the Travel Association, advises that the plan was prepared at the request of the Government. Before the war, Britain's tourist traffic was worth about £30,000,000 a year. Sir Douglas hopes that if this plan is carried out it will raise the volume of tourist traffic to bring in £100,000,000 a year.

The blueprint, I understand, goes into considerable detail. It covers 100 pages and took a year to compile.

It is expected that the bulk of the tourists will come from the United States and from the Dominions; the peoples of Europe will probably have no money to spare.

But before one can start this new Come-to-Britain campaign it will be necessary to have accommodation available. One of the points of the scheme, I believe, is that hotels now in Government occupation should be freed at the earliest possible moment.



MOST amusing item in a copy of a local newspaper recently received from Allahabad, India, was an advertisement.

It reads: "Wanted, an embodiment of beauty, love and devotion, extraordinarily intelligent, clever, and capable of controlling an aristocratic household and an estate of a notable Taluqdar (landowner) in Oudh, to be his pet, fond and favourite wife."

"She should be young, healthy, brave, chaste, religious-minded, educated, accomplished, obedient, and of sweet, tender and amiable nature and temperament."

"The young Taluqdar is muscularly healthy, robust and handsome, of noble, charming, attractive nature, and personality exceedingly lovable, possessing an innocent heart. The requisite Devi (Goddess) may be from among the poor or middle-class people, no harm, but must be fable-like heroine, of pure Rajput blood."

"The hero himself is a pure, chivalrous Rajput descent. No provincial restrictions. Only those possessing qualities need apply with their recent photographs, horoscopes, and full particulars to..."

What a man—and what a woman!



A YANK lieutenant with Transport Command in Persia decided to speed up the building of a road by introducing some of our labour-saving ideas to the native workmen. As a start he had them build twelve wheelbarrows to replace the baskets which they had hitherto used for carrying rubble on their heads.

For two days the natives took great delight in wheeling their new toys to and fro on every possible excuse—much to the delight of our go-ahead young loo-tenant. Next day, though, he turned a little green when he visited the spot and found that the labourers, tired of their toys, had removed the wheels from the barrows and were carrying them on their heads.

However, not to be outdone, the officer kept them up to this practice, and, as the wheelless wheelbarrows held considerably more than the baskets had done, the desired speed-up was achieved.



IN London courts recently the following remarks were heard:-

I never dreamed that marriage could make a man so poor.

My wife used to call me the grandest thing she knew—but that was a long time ago.

It's like a breath of fresh air to get to work at the factory after a week-end at home, with everyone at me.

My husband is blind in one eye and deaf in one ear—but only when it suits him.

If it weren't for my good management my husband would have been in the workhouse years ago.

There's far too much amateur detective work going on in our house—with me as the alleged villain.

We've been married two years—the longest job my husband has ever had.

To think that after being fourteen years a widow I should fall for this man!



HIGH-CLASS scepticism was the remark by a colleague that love was the meeting of two millionaires.

Ron Richards

Good
Morning



Universal's Anne Rooney
has that all-round uni-
versal charm, we think.

This England

Patient land, patient horses, patient men. The supreme combination for good ploughing is seen here at Witton Hall, Brundall, Norwich.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Go on, kid, don't
stop half way."



"But, have you heard the one about the
factory girl who thought that . . ."